

# Top Down

## Too \$hort

How freaky can you get to a long fat dick  
Hella freaky like I said to a song that hit  
I'm the dirty rapper Too Short, the triple X  
Run up in the pussy, rub the nipple nextBitch, which is worse? My bark or my bite  
You heard about me and now I'm fucking you from dark to the light  
You must of thought I got nicer talking about Heiser  
I'm an old dogg and old dogg's get wiserCaught up in the game, got ya thinking while your doing this  
You never did this, sucking on a big dick  
What bitch? You better check the size, and recognize  
When I'm between your thighsShit, I get hard from the sound of a kid rum  
Riding down the strip with your diamonds and [unverified]  
Shiny bald head catching sun rays  
Smashing down the strip going backwards down runwaysFour eighteens with the zues and the zapto  
Sounding like I'm riding out a concert at a rap show  
Hit a back street and put the top up  
Stopped at the light see some hoes watch 'em jock usI'm so roll with my electric top  
Hit a button, ain't gotta get out, fuck with nuthin'  
Let the top just fold up and lay down  
Slamming hard passing by the schools and the playgrounds  
Everybody knows when Short's in town  
'Cause I keep the beats thumping hella-hard with my top downDrop the top  
Just drop the topWe call 'em rags, you call 'em drops  
Whatever you call it just drop the top  
We call 'em rags, you call 'em drops  
Whatever you call it just drop the topNine albums out, ain't changed my talk  
A thousands hoes walked on I'm still a dogg  
Ain't changed nothing but the hoe that I'm fucking  
Still riding through the hood all the homies say "Was [unverified]"Give me my props 'cause I always rock  
And I still gets cock when the fine hoes jock  
Still smoking Indo getting burned out  
Still got the orange juice bottle full of gin 'bout to turn outA show, a hoe smashed back to the O  
Put them bitches on my beeper then pull some mo'  
'Cause I bump more hoes than acme  
I guess you bitch can't learn that you just can't mack meI'm off of Gin and Juice don't even introduce  
If you ain't fucking back up 'cause I'm free to choose  
I want some pussy that could make write a freaky tale  
Drawls back, bootie cracks, bitch in a hotelJust to say you got some Too Short dick  
You wanna show some evidence, don't swallow don't spit  
'Cause I bust more nuts than a squirrel

And my dick been in pussies all around the world  
 If you had a picture of it and you asked the bitch  
 What's this? I bet you say, "Too Short dick"  
 I still taunt the fine hoes and get shot down  
 I say, "Bitch", slam the beat smash off with my top down  
 Just riding with my top down  
 We call 'em rags, you call 'em drops  
 Whatever you call it just drop the top  
 We call 'em rags, you call 'em drops  
 Whatever you call it just drop the top  
 We rode the AC transit bus, selling joints for a dollar  
 Smoking angel dust on the way to a house party  
 A maybe deluxe slanging Too Short tapes making some bucks  
 Looking out the window at the Mustang and Falcon crew  
 Asking myself, "How can you?"  
 Roll like the Giants down the foothill strip  
 With beats thumping top down bumping a bitch  
 Shit I had to have drop didn't care, if I had a Volkswagen  
 Pick up the beat, had a hoes flagging  
 Siding with the top down, lit like a lamp  
 Blowing out the amp, trying to bump a tramp  
 Most niggers couldn't afford to have a drop top  
 So they got they shit cut at the chop shop  
 Couldn't tell niggers nuthin' way back then  
 A lot of niggers died or they went to the pen  
 Couldn't even see the homie Short Bubble  
 Bank get fat and my whole account double  
 When I walk in a club bitches say, "Oh God is that you Todd?"  
 Me and my homies just who ride  
 And take advantage of a life we never had  
 Fuck eating cheese sandwiches, broke, living bad  
 I'm a do it for my homies that's there to lock down  
 Ride with my beats slamming top down  
 Drop the top  
 Just drop the top  
 I got my top down  
 Drop the top  
 Just drop the top  
 I'm just rolling with my top down  
 We call 'em rags, you call 'em drops  
 Whatever you call it just drop the top  
 We call 'em rags, you call 'em drops  
 Whatever you call it just drop the top  
 Beyotch

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>